Poetick Miſcellanies

OF

Mr. *JOHN RAWLET*, B.D.

And late Lecturer of

St. Nicholas Church

IN THE

Town and County

OF

New-Caſtle upon *Tine.*

Et prodeſſe valent & delectare Poetæ.

A Verſe may find him, who a Sermon flies:
And turn Delight into a Sacrifice. *Herbert.*

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An Epitaph on the Reverend and truly Pious Mr. John Rawlet, *B. D. made by his ſorrowful Friend* J. M.

RAWLET's Remains lodge in this humble Cave;
As he was free from Pride, ſo is his Grave.
But Virtue needs no Pyramids: Its worth
Bribes not the Heraulds pains to blaze it forth.
As Diamonds ſhine by their own native Rayes,
And *Phœbus* his own glittering beams diſplays;
So great Deſerts are their own Monument:
No Tomb, no Epitaph's ſo eloquent.
Whilſt others therefore their proud Marbles boaſt;
He reſts with greater Honour, but leſs Coſt.

On his Divine Poems.

READER, expect not here, the filth of th' Stage,
Poems that pleaſe, but more debauch the Age.
His chaſter Muſe ſuch heavenly ſtrains doth ſing,
As Angels chant to their Immortal King.
By ſuch pure harmony he tun'd his heart
In the Cœleſtial Choir to bear a part.

THE

THE

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AN

AN INVITATION TO THE Holy Communion. WITH DIRECTIONS FOR *The Due Receiving it.*

HARK, we are call'd; O Friends, Away, away,
All things are ready, make no more (delay.
Are all things ready, and ſhall only we,
For whom they are prepar'd, unready be?

We that forbidden Fruit did long to taſte,
Shan't we, when call'd, to our Lord's Table haſte?
When food provided is which will reſtore
The Bleſſedneſs our eating loſt before?
Let us then haſten, and this Call obey;
'Tis with the Prince that we muſt dine to day,
Whoſe Sacred Preſence calls us to prepare
And fit our ſelves; Haſte muſt not baniſh Care.
Hither approach all fair and clean within
From the defiling love of every ſin,
All bath'd in pureſt ſtreams of hallowed tears,
Which help to waſh our ſtains and drown our fears.
The Souls firſt dipt in this preparation flood,
Are fit for farther cleanſing by Chriſt's Blood.
Repentance is a ſecond innocence,
Joyn'd with reſolves for new obedience:
Draw nigh with faith and holy love adorn'd,
And deep humility, which, tho' it's ſcorn'd
By blinder mortals, is, in God's own Eye,
The Souls true beauty, richeſt gallantry:

With

With ardent longings come, enflam'd to taſt
The deepeſt ſweets of this divine repaſt,
The grace and comfort here diffus'd abroad,
And on the well-prepared Soul beſtow'd.
Beg him to fit you thus who did invite
You hither; for both meat and appetite
Do come from him: and by the hand that ſpread
Our Table, muſt our Souls be furniſhed.
And when in th' Wedding garment we are dreſt,
With humble Boldneſs to this Sacred feaſt
Let us approach, this wondrous banquet, where,
The Maſter of the Feaſt becomes our cheer.

ON THE

Holy Communion.

THE Son of God made Man, his life laid down
To ſave our Life; to purchaſe us a Crown,
He bore the Croſs; and that we might retain
The memory hereof, he did ordain
His Sacred Supper as his Churches Feaſt,
When he beſtows upon each humble Gueſt
Thoſe greater Bleſſings which he repreſents
By Bread and Wine, the outward Elements;
He doth himſelf in this familiar way
With Pardon, Grace, and Glory too convey
To ſuch, who, whilſt by Faith they theſe receive,
To him themſelves entirely back do give.
Thus is a Marriage-union finiſht, and
Chriſt and the Soul linkt in a mutual band:

Thus

Thus at one Feaſt we mingle griefs and joyes,
Chriſt's Death and our own Nuptials ſolemnize.
And if indeed our Faith and Love herein
Are with Repentance joyn'd, if we for Sin
Sincerely grieve, ſincerely plight our Troth,
In Heaven we ſhall enjoy the fruits of Both.

ON

The Holy Communion.

OUR Bleſſed Lord, who loved us, and gave
Himſelf for us, us by his death to ſave;
That this his love and death might never be
Forgotten, hath ordain'd a feaſt, when we
With grateful hearts ſhould ſtill record his love,
And to bleſt purpoſes his death improve.
Oft let's remember then, and praiſe our Lord
At's Holy Table, where he doth afford

To worthy Gueſts Peace, Pardon, Grace, and Joy,
Pleaſures that ſatisfie but never cloy.
And let us ſtill ſet Jeſus in our ſight,
In all our actions by this Copy write;
That our dear Lord beholding us, may find
His Sacred Image in our Life and Mind.
Thus let us with great Zeal and Holy ſtrife
Chriſt's Death remember, imitate his Life.
So ſhall we grow in Grace, till from this ſtate
Our Lord to Glory ſhall his Friends tranſlate:
Then ſhall we be where bleſſed Jeſus is,
And feaſt with him in perfect endleſs Bliſs.

DIRE-

DIRECTIONS FOR RECEIVING THE Holy Communion.

CHRIST calls us to his Table, but who's fit
In ſuch an High and Holy place to ſit?
Only the Souls that are adorn'd with Grace,
May here in preſence of their Lord take place.
Such whom the knowledge of his wondrous Love
To deepeſt Sorrow for their Sins doth move;
Who place on him their Love and Confidence,
And render a ſincere Obedience
To all his Laws: who make God's Love their Treaſure,
Preferring it above Wealth, Honour, Pleaſure.

Who do in Charity with all Men live,
And thoſe who wrong them from their Heart forgive:
Who pure and ſober are in all their ways,
And in God's Service vow to ſpend their days.
Art thou but ſuch a one, thou art the Gueſt
Whom Chriſt bids welcome to this Heavenly Feaſt.
With Love and Joy his Death commemorate,
Whilſt here thou feed'ſt; and hereby Conſecrate
Thy ſelf entirely to him; and he will
His Promiſes and thy Deſires fulfil.
He'll own thee for his Servant, and beſtow
Such Bleſſings as thou needeſt here below:
Ev'n here he ſeals to thee Pardon and Peace,
And all thy Graces ſhall receive increaſe:
Until at length he raiſe thee far above,
To taſte the fulleſt Fruits of his dear Love;
Where we no more ſhall need our Bread and Wine,
Raviſht with glorious Sights and Joys Divine:
Wherefore, who in thoſe Heavenly Joys would ſhare,
To Sup with Chriſt on Earth let them prepare.

FOR

FOR EARLY RISING ON A *Lord's Day Morning.*

THIS Day our Bleſſed Lord did early riſe,
Let all his pious Servants do likewiſe;
His good Diſciples roſe before the light,
That his dead Body they with Spices might
And Tears embalm: then let Devotion raiſe
Us up to give our God and Saviour praiſe.
Thus let our Songs of Praiſe ſhorten the Night,
Till we ſhall come into that Heavenly Light,
When we ſhall hear no more of Nights and Days,
No more ſhall ceaſe to love, rejoyce and praiſe.
O bleſt Employments, theſe Saints truly bleſt,
Who thus employ'd enjoy Eternal Reſt!

This Holy Reſt let me this Day begin;
Reſting to God from buſineſs, care and Sin.
And let me in thy Day and Service find,
Such Pleaſure and ſuch Profit to my Mind,
As may excite me all the following Week,
And my whole Life my deareſt Lord to ſeek.
Not in a Garden, or a Cave of Stone;
But in the Heavens, where on his glorious Throne,
He doth exalted ſit at God's right Hand;
Thouſands of Angels round about him ſtand.
There free from Sin and Sorrow, Sloth and Sleep,
There let me an eternal Sabbath keep.

Morning Thoughts.

BOTH God and Satan by my Bed-ſide ſtand;
My Morning-Thoughts are crav'd on either hand:
He that gets theſe, is like to have the day.
What, then, ſhall God be empty ſent away?
No, Lord, but let the whole made Holy be,
By theſe Firſt-fruits I offer up to thee.
I praiſe thee for this laſt Night's quiet Reſt,
The Peace and Safety wherewith I am bleſt.
I praiſe thee, my good God, that to my ſight
Once more thou haſt reſtor'd the Morning-light:
My Strength and Time, which thou do'ſt thus renew,
I Conſecrate to thee, they are thy due.

Be with me this whole Day: Save me herein
From danger, if thou pleaſe, chiefly from ſin.
All the Day long, Lord, keep me in thy fear;
And make me ever ſenſible how near
Thou art: in private or in company,
Let me remember thy all-ſeeing Eye
Upon me plac'd, that I my ſelf may frame
To do thy Will, to glorifie thy Name.
In ſin with others let me not comply,
But ſpeak, act, think, as knowing thou art by.
Good Lord, preſerve me from that hainous Crime,
Miſ-ſpence of ſhort, uncertain, precious Time.
O let me not my golden hours waſt,
But live this Day as if it were my laſt:
That I may mind the work I have to do:
Set Death and Judgment, Heav'n and Hell in view.
Let me from Chriſt my Head, freſh ſtrength derive,
That I by Faith in thy dear Son may live.

Let

Let me do others good, my ſelf at leaſt;
Let Sin this Day be weakned, Grace increaſt.
Help me to ſpend it ſo, That I at Night
May, looking back upon it, take delight;
And in Eternity thy Name may praiſe,
For *this*, and all *my well-improved Days*.

Directions

Directions for the Evening.

REview at Night the Actions of the Day;
What time was well ſpent, what was thrown away:
Bleſs God for Mercies, and confeſs the Sin
Thou know'ſt thou haſt been guilty of therein.
To God, thro' Chriſt, for Pardon humbly pray;
Reſolve againſt it for the following Day.
Dare not to cloſe thy Eyes before thou make
All Reckonings clear: Perhaps thou may'ſt awake
Before God's Judgment-Seat: How dar'ſt thou look
Him in the Face, ſhould he preſent a Book
Of Sins unpardon'd? But if thou haſt made
Thy Peace thro' Chriſt, thou need'ſt not be afraid;
Both Soul and Body are ſecur'd from harms,
Thou lodg'd in ſuch a gracious Father's Arms:
Who all his Children will in ſafety keep,
And *ſo thou boldly may'ſt* go die, *or ſleep.*

ON

ON WHITSUNDAY.

ALL hail great Day! Day of our new Creation,
And of Redemption the ſure Confirmation.
Almighty Love, that did us firſt create
In Holineſs and Bliſs, when from that State
By our Apoſtaſie our ſelves we threw,
Into that State doth us again renew;
This did the Bleſſed Jeſus undertake,
And by his Spirit wrought, which for his ſake
On us was ſhed; and which doth fully ſhow,
Chriſt is God's Son, by making Chriſtians ſo.
He being now advanc'd on God's right hand,
Doth exerciſe his Regal Power, and

By all the Miracles of this great Day,
Not only doth his preſent Power diſplay;
But alſo ſhews his future purpoſes,
And doth effect them by ſuch Signs as theſe.
A ruſhing Wind do his Diſciples hear,
And cloven fiery Tongues on them appear.
God both in Wind, and Fire, and Voice is here:
Through all the World this Wind Commotion makes,
Which both the Heatheniſh State and Jewiſh ſhakes.
For not the Idol-Temples fall alone,
But alſo that of the great *Solomon*;
This Fire ſoon grew into a mighty Flame,
And, as if that ſtrong Wind had driven the ſame,
Through the whole World it did with Brightneſs ſhine,
And did the World enlighten and refine.
Thoſe Cloven Tongues, th'Apoſtles Mouths did fill,
And did convey to them ſuch wondrous Skill,

In

In all the Languages the World had known,
That they exactly ſpoke them as their own:
And whilſt in theſe they do the Goſpel preach,
Their hearers they do both ſurpriſe and teach.
Theſe were to them Letters of Credence given,
To ſhew their Embaſſy deriv'd from Heaven.
What God inflicted once for puniſhment,
Now as a bleſſing on the World is ſent.
Variety of Tongues that did diſperſe
All Nations, now unites the Univerſe.
The *Babel*-builders it did then confound;
But now the Chriſtian Church even from the ground,
To ſuch a vaſt firm ſtructure doth it raiſe,
As may engage Spectators to his praiſe,
Whoſe wiſdom can make all things ſerve his ends,
The ſame thing hurts his Foes, and helps his Friends.
What to th' Apoſtles he did then direct,
Hath on each ſingle Chriſtian ſome effect.

O Sacred Spirit, within my Soul repeat
These blessings, which once made this day so great;
Breath thou upon me with that heavenly Wind,
Which may refresh and purifie my Mind;
Kindle within me and preserve that fire,
Which may with holy love my Breast inspire,
And with an Active zeal my mind enflame,
To do thy will, to glorifie thy name.
Furnish me richly both with gifts and Grace
To fit me for the duties of my place:
So open thou my Lips, my Heart so raise,
That both my Heart and Mouth may give thee praise,
As in thy Temple; keep there residence
Within my Soul, and never part from thence,
Till I am fram'd and fitted by thy hand,
A Pillar in God's House above to stand.

ON

ASCENSION DAY.

ART thou aſcended, bleſſed Lord, on high?
And do I on this earth ſtill grovelling lye,
In muddy, ſenſual, fading pleaſures drown'd,
Where pain and grief, horrours and Hell are found?
O pity, deareſt Lord, ſome pity take
On a poor fainting Soul for thy names ſake:
Help Lord, Lord help; to thee I lift mine Eyes,
Stretch forth thy helping hand, and make me riſe,
O raiſe my ſinking Soul above the Mud,
And dirt of low delights, which Fleſh and Blood
Reliſh and crave: Let my exalted mind
Its pleaſures in thy Love and Service find;

But ne'r let that ſeem pleaſant to my taſte,
Which grieves thy Spirit, and doth my Conſcience waſte;
Keep my Soul mindful of its heavenly birth,
That it may Heaven-ward tend, wean'd from this Earth.

By all my falls upon this ſlippery Ground,
Grant that I nearer may to Heaven rebound,
And let all ſtreams of comfort here below,
Up to the Fountain lead me whence they flow.
Let Faith, and Love, and Longings raiſe my Heart
Up to the bliſsful place where, Lord, thou art;
Let my chief joy ſpring from this Faith, and Love,
Till I aſcend to thee, and joys above.

Divine

Divine Love.

WHose Soul is once betroth'd, can ever he
From that engagement disobliged be?
The hearts, which love unites in loyal bands,
Are chain'd as fast, as by their tongues and hands.
Even thus am I in heart engag'd, my mind
Is firmly fixt, but on no Female-kind:
The blessed Jesus is my Lord, my Love;
He is my choice, from him I'll never move.
Away, then, all you objects that divert,
And seek to draw from my dear Lord my heart:
Go, Riches, Honours, Beauty, Bravery, go,
Tempt these mean Souls who nothing better know.
That uncreated Beauty, which hath gain'd
My ravisht Heart, hath all your glory stain'd;

His loveliness my Soul hath prepossest,
And left no room for any other guest:
Cease then with knockings to assault my Door,
Disturb not my repose, attempt no more
These gates which to the King of Glory be
Made to fly open, and to none but he.
For him I sigh, I wishly look, and long
To be releas'd from this ensnaring throng
Of poor bewildred Mortals, from whose sight
My Soul doth meditate a nobler flight
Into the Regions of eternal Joy,
Where nothing shall her blissful peace annoy;
There's her own home, her Country's there above,
That blessed Land of Life, of Light and Love;
There my dear Friends fled hence, with God are
blest;
Thither are swiftly hasting all the rest;
There lives my Lord, and there I long to live,
He gave these longings, and himself will give.

Haste

Haſte then, pale Death, accompliſh my deſign;
Thou that break'ſt others wedlocks, finiſh mine;
This naked breaſt ſtrike with thy ſharpeſt Dart,
The ſweeteſt Cordial to a fainting Heart.
Releaſe my pained Soul from this dull clod
Of priſoning Earth, and take her to her God,
That there ſhe may her Nuptials ſolemnize,
Where neither Sin nor Death ſhall ſpoil her Joys.
Lord, hear theſe groanings, and ſome pity take
On a poor gaſping Soul, which for thy ſake,
From earthly home, Friends, Joys, and all would part,
To be with thee for ever where thou art.
O make me meet for this Tranſlation, and
Then on this happy meſſage death command.
In the mean time, Lord, ſhew thy ſelf to me,
Till thou ſhalt pleaſe to take me up to thee,
So to mine Eyes thy glory ſtill diſplay,
That they may never look another way.

So let me taſte the ſweetneſs of thy Love,
That no allurements may my mind once move.
Quicken my longings, and encreaſe that flame,
Which Heaven-wards lifts the Soul from whence it came.
Let flames of holy Love all others burn,
And oppoſition into fewel turn.
Let thy Sun-beams on a dark heart ſhine clear,
All our earth kindled fires will diſappear.
In thee now let me find ſo much of Reſt,
As may with more impatience fill my breaſt;
Till fill'd with thee, the pains of love increaſe,
Till they ſhall in a full fruition ceaſe.
So ſeize on me, that we ne're more may part;
Till thou ſhalt take my Soul, Lord, keep my heart,
And dwell in me, till I with thee ſhall dwell.
This Earth with thee is Heaven; without thee, Hell.

ON DEATH.

I.

TEll me, ſome kind Spirit, tell,
How comes death ſo terrible?
Thou, who art already fled in triumph, ſay,
Why the embodied Soul is ſo in love with Clay?
By what ſtrange Magnetiſms woo'd,
She ſo adheres to Fleſh and Blood?
That fate muſt force her from that dull abode,
Or ſhe would groveling lye,
Th' eternal Tenant of Mortality.
The wretch whom a malignant Fever fires,
And at each pore in liquid flame expires,

Cold

Cold death's refreſhing hands to ſhun,
Doth to th' unkinder Doctor run,
For Juleps, Bliſtrings, and Phlebotomy,
And other medicinal Artillery:
The Fever's vanquiſh'd, and the Man is free;
But all this ſtir and torment only gains
The priviledge of being rack'd again by theſe,
Or the ſeverer pains
Of ſome more mercileſs Diſeaſe.
Had not the Patient better fled to' a Tomb,
Th' Aſylum which diſtempers give, but where they never come?

II.

Old age it ſelf, which, one would gueſs,
Should with a kind of luſt
Lye down and ſleep in Duſt,
Does yet the grand fatigue of life careſs,
And gapes for its laſt dregs with unextinguiſhable Thirſt:

When

When the dull eyes ſpirituous fire is loſt,
Like cooling Metals, fixt by Winters Froſt,
When the bald Head depopulate and bare
Looks white like ſome ſmooth Globe of Ice,
And of its once fair flouriſhing ſpring the Hair
All that remains will not ſuffice
The mighty ſumm to count,
To which the numerous Years that have gone or't
amount;
Yet even this feeble piece of Hums and Ha's,
That's but the Monument of what he was,
Doth with his Cordials and Elixirs treat,
To make his wearied Pulſes beat
With momentary heat;
Still he abhors the diſmal thoughts of Death,
Still on his guard he ſtands,
And fain he would defend his breath
'Gainſt the great Conquerour's ſtroke, though but
with Crutches in his hands.

III.

Strange Riddle of mysterious desire,
That Man should hope his vital fire
Should Vestal prove, and ne're expire:
That he should wish th' Eclipsed beams,
Like *Arethusa*, under ground might stray
In a decrepit Body's dark, inglorious way,
And never disembogue their shining streams
Into the glorious Ocean of inexhausted day.
Is this the Reason which we so much boast,
That sure unerring Guide,
No less our safety than our pride,
And would this have us in a tempest ride,
And endlesly be tost?
When one kind Shipwrack would convey us to our native Coast,
A coast where we might pleasure taste,
High with the gust of all peril past.

Where a perpetual ſpring of bliſs
Blooming in all the rich Luxuriances
Of never withering Ecſtaſis,
Satiates but does not cloy
The raviſh'd mind,
And no Tears fall, but thoſe of joy
Which, *Nilus* like, while they orewhelm are kind.

IV.

But though with all this pomp of words we prate,
And paint the happy glories
Which grace the triumphs of a future State;
Yet ſure we think 'em ſenſleſs ſtories,
The pageantry of ſome diſtempered Head,
Which fancies Pencil did delineate,
The broken viſions of the living when they dream'd
'oth' dead.
That we are ſo loth to die,
Proceeds from infidelity;

For

For whatsoe're the mighty Men of Sense,
Those skulls of Axiome and Philosophy,
By reasons Telescope pretend t' evince,
Beyond this World we can no other see,
And not to be
Worse than lifes greatest storm appears,
Than all its Hurricanes of hopes and fears;
So some baulkt Gamester who hath but one poor
Stake
Left of his Stock, and knows not when he may
Get more to keep in play,
Does his last chance with trembling take,
And fain he would the fatal throw delay,
The Box once lost to him for ever's past away.

V.

Or if we're fully satisfied,
The Soul is to Divinity allied,
That its impenetrable hypostasis

Is

Is of a laſting and ſubſtantial make,
Which Death's arreſt can never ſhake;
But from our ſcattered Aſhes ſhall ariſe,
Bekindled with exhalted energies:
If this her fixt perſwaſion be,
Doubtleſs 'tis guilt that makes us pale, and grone,
When fate ſends out the black Decree
Of diſſolution.
As a debauch't Gallant
That's juſt embarquing for a foreign Land,
Midſt throngs of Creditors does worried ſtand,
Who for quick payment with wild fury rant:
So Conſcience rallies up,
Of crimes the worſt, of Debts ten thouſand Bills,
Embitters with new poyſons Death's ungrateful
Cup,
And the departing Soul with ſhame and horror fills.
So that Mankind doth lye
Under a ſad neceſſity
Of ſtrong deſire to live, and wretched fear to die:

Which

Which way so ere their faith they train,
A forcible *Dilemma*'s Horn
Wounds them in each Hypothesis:
The Atheist would for ever live in this,
'Cause there's no other World; the Theist, 'cause
there is.

By Mr. *Walrond of all Souls.*

An Addition by another hand.

VI.

But the true Christian whose firm Faith doth
sway
His Heart and Life, who humbly doth obey
That Gospel he believes, and in good earnest
makes
Heaven his end, and Holiness the way
Wherein he constantly doth walk,
Whilst he thro' this low World his Journey takes,

And

And leaves great things which others uſe to talk
This gallant Man can Death outbrave,
Which if a Monarch fear, that Monarch is a Slave.
Mean Slave is he who fears to die,
He lives, yea dies in daily fear;
Death tho' far off he thinks and makes it near,
Afraid of every Man that paſſeth by,
Of every Beaſt and Bird, and every Fly,
Of every Bit and every Draught,
Which is ever poyſoned by his own dire thought.
Fain the poor Wretch would longer live,
And yet he fears what longer Life muſt give.
He dare not Eat, he dare not Sleep,
Tho' thouſand armed Guards ſtrict watch do keep:
O're him the mighty Priſoner Day and Night
They watch as if 'twere to prevent his flight.
Theſe aw'd with threats and hir'd with great rewards;
To keep him ſafe, yet cannot ſave his breaſt
From fears which ſtill diſturb his reſt:
Alas the Tyrant fears thoſe very armed Guards.

VII.

But the true Chriſtian free
From this ignoble painful ſlavery,
O're fear of Death has got the Victory,
And o're the love of Life and all that's here
Which this low Life to Mortals doth endear,
His Soul by Grace refin'd from droſſie Earth,
From ſordid Luſts and love of Sin,
Made mindful of its own high Birth;
It will not be confin'd within
Theſe narrow bounds of Matter and of Time,
But up into Eternity will clime,
With wings of Faith and fervent Love doth ſoar
To the Æthereal Regions there to ſhare
Thoſe Glories which our Lord is gone before
For all his faithful Followers to prepare:
Our Lord who drove away dark ſhades of Night,
Brought Life and Immortality to light,
And with that darkneſs baniſht fear,
And by that Light our minds did chear;

The

The Chriſtian he doth teach to wait,
And long for Death that ſhall tranſlate
His Soul to its moſt bliſsful State;
And makes him patient to endure
The cares of Life, or miſeries of old Age,
Even when the torturing Stone, the Gout or Colick rage,
He bears with courage what he cannot cure.

VIII.

Not love of Life but hope of Heaven does give
This courage, and makes him content to live
In midſt of Racks and cruel Pain,
Who in the midſt of joys counts Death his gain.
Strong and untir'd, he acts th' allotted part,
Undauntedly he bears th' inflicted ſmart,
Not that he fondly cares ſtill to repeat
Lifes tedious Circle, ſtill to eat,
To Drink, to Talk, to Work and Sleep,
Still to roll the Stone up Hill,
The Stone which tumbles downward ſtill;

Only he knows he muſt his Station keep
Until the General bids ſound a Retreat,
And when he hears that joyful ſound,
Gladly he doth himſelf prepare
To march away; and doth himſelf his breaſt make bare:
When Death draws nigh to give the healing wound,
He dare not on his Life commit a Rape,
Heaven is not taken by that Violence,
But he dare meet Death in the horrid'ſt ſhape;
He nothing fears from that kind Providence,
Which wiſely orders all,
Axes, and Halters, Flames and Swords,
Whatever elſe we dreadful call,
What are they all but Bugbear words
To fright weak Childiſh minds, but cannot fright
That Man of Wiſdom and of Might,
The valiant Chriſtian not afraid to die;
For Death is all thoſe great words ſignifie.

IX.

If Death be all, what does the good Man care,
Whether an Halter or a Quinſie choke,
And ſtop that breath which he doth freely yield;
Whether an Ax or Apoplexy give the Stroke,
The gentle Stroke of Death:
The good Man generouſly dare
In a good cauſe die in the open Field,
As well as in his Bed give up his breath:
Nor does he fear the ſtormy Ocean's Wave,
In a Sea Monſters Paunch dare make his Grave,
Is unconcern'd whether he expire
In ſome Malignant Fevers fire,
Or in the nobler flames of Martyrdom,
Elias-like, he be conducted home.
O're all he is a Conqueror,
And ſomewhat more;
I'th' midſt of all he can in triumph ſing,
O Death where is thy Sting?

Of that long ſince thou was bereft,
For in our dying Lord that ſting was left,
In ſtead whereof Death now hath got a Wing,
Which helps to waft the Heaven-born Soul on High,
When once releas'd from this dull earthly Clod,
There the free Soul to her own home doth fly,
For ever there to make her bleſt abode;
Where ſhe no more doth fear to ſin, to ſmart, or die,
But there ſhe clearly doth behold her God,
Her God ſhe there loves and enjoys eternally.

Midnight

Midnight Meditations.

LOOK here, my Soul, how sparkling and how bright
These Stars do shine in this cold frosty Night;
From the Sun's absence they advantage take,
Their native lustre visible to make;
Their beams set in array adorn the Skie
As if they did Nights black approach defie;
This cold which freezeth us, it does but clear
The Air, and make their brightness more appear:
Let these fair Stars be patterns unto thee
And teachers too shewing what thou should'st be,
When sacred Providence the Heavenly Law,
Made up of Love and Wisdom, shall withdraw
That pleasing Sun-shine of prosperity,
Which from thy Cradle hath attended thee,

And by its Revolutions ſhall this ſtate
Into afflictions dark cold night tranſlate;
Or if thy body ſickneſs ſhould confine
To a dark room to languiſh there and pine
In pain, or malice ſhould attempt thy fame,
And with black Slanders ſtrive to cloud thy name;
Or what's thought worſe than either, ſhould thou be
Stark naked ſtript and pincht by Poverty;
Or ſhouldſt thou be for ſome great merit ſent
To a dark Priſon or a Baniſhment:
Then muſter all thy powers up, O my Soul,
Whoſe ſhining may theſe Clouds of Night controul:
Let all theſe oppoſitions ſerve to raiſe
But greater Trophies to thy virtue's Praiſe;
Virtue like valour is a thing ne're known,
If in encountring dangers never ſhown.
Now let a bright unſpotted innocence
In ſweet Contentment, Courage, Patience,

Shed

Shed its mild beams, let Hope and Joy diſplay
Luſtres which turn night into lightſome day.
So ſhall the Darkneſs as a foil befriend
Thy Beauty, and a greater glory lend:
So thy Eclipſe ſhall but attract more Eyes;
So from oppreſſion thou ſhalt greater riſe;
So by our treading thrives the Chamomil,
As if our feet did but manure the Soil;
Nor is affliction's night the only caſe
Wherein thy brightneſs ſhould the dark ſhades
chaſe,
But when my Soul temptations unto Sin,
Like foggy darkning miſts, ſhall from within
Or from without ariſe, ſtriving to ſtain
And ſully thee with guilt; then let diſdain
Break forth in virtuous Sparklings, and diſpel
Theſe noyſome Vapours which ariſe from Hell:
Yea when at laſt that King of terrors, Death,
Shall ſummon thee to yield thy utmoſt Breath,

And with its dismal shape strive to affright
Thee with the horror of eternal night;
With an undaunted mind his Message hear,
With chearful smiling looks his presence bear,
Dread not his aspect, turn not from his Dart,
But with resolvedness present thy Heart;
Thy Heart now burning most with Heavenly fire
Which Heavenwards wafts thee, there thou shalt
expire,
True Phœnix in the flames of Love and Joy:
Death shall not hurt thee, thou shalt it destroy,
And though to Mortal Eyes thou disappear,
Thou shalt shine brighter in an higher Sphear,
Even like these Stars thou n'ere shalt find a Night,
But shalt be swallowed up in greater Light.

A Deſcription of True Prayer, whether with a Form, or without.

GOD is a Spirit, and in Spirit will
By us be Worſhipp'd: But this Holy skill
Of Worſhipping aright is not an Art
Of Words from Brain or Book, but in the *Heart*
'Tis plac'd. An *Heart* that with the Lips doth move,
Venting the breathings of its inward Love.
An *Heart* that's awed with greateſt Reverence,
Which may conſiſt with filial Confidence:
An *Heart* whoſe ardent longings do aſpire
After thoſe Bleſſings which our Tongues deſire,
And puts upon endeavours to attain
The grace we crave, which elſe we crave in vain.
This *Heart* prays right, ſuch Cordial Prayers as theſe
Profit our ſelves, and do our Maker pleaſe.
Thus let us pray, and when we end our days,
Prayer ſhall be chang'd for everlaſting Praiſe.

How

How to get and keep a quiet Mind in all Conditions.

WOuldſt thou enjoy an eaſie quiet mind,
Let thy own will to God's will be reſign'd:
Follow his conduct, ſerve him with delight,
With Pious awe live ſtill as in his ſight;
Baniſh fond Dreams of earthly happineſs,
With Prudence uſe the Goods thou doſt poſſeſs.
To Proud and Sickly Fancy give no place,
But follow Nature over-rul'd by Grace.
Nature craves little, Grace ſometimes takes leſs;
Pride, Avarice and Luſt demand exceſs.
Examine well all earthly things, and ſee
Thy love but to their worth proportion'd be.
Let not exceſs of Joy corrupt thy mind,
Pleaſures too luſcious leave a ſting behind;

Regarding

Regarding this World as a Travellers Stage,
Seek the delight but of a Pilgrimage;
Converſe with thy own mind, get ſo much leiſure
As oft to entertain thy ſelf with pleaſure,
Whom Crouds of Men and buſineſs ſtill employ,
Such not themſelves, nor Friends, nor God enjoy.
In all enjoyments moſt God's goodneſs taſte,
In all deſigns make him the firſt and laſt.
Let Joys and Pains both quicken holy Love,
And earneſt longings after God above.
Never depend on things without thy power,
Things which chance may, time quickly will devour.
Calmly forethink what evils may betide,
Not to torment thy ſelf but to provide
Courage and Comfort which attend the Wiſe,
Whilſt common changes are no great ſurpriſe.
To rule the outward World never deſign,
This is God's work, to rule thy Paſſions thine.
Doing thy part leave all to him who knows
How all events moſt wiſely to diſpoſe.

All thy deſires make known to God in Prayer,
And then alone on God caſt all thy care.
Mind not the World's opinion much, nor grow
Unhappy meerly 'cauſe Men think thee ſo:
Their thoughts or words can leave no mark
behind;
Thy ſelf doſt make th' impreſſion on thy mind.
If thou feel real ſmart, make it not more:
Anger and Grief do but increaſe the Sore.
Know that the greateſt hurts are from within,
And miſery proceeds only from Sin.
Sin above all things flee, and never ceaſe,
Till thou with God thro' Chriſt haſt made thy
Peace:
And all thy Life purſue that innocence,
And uſefulneſs which inward joys diſpence.
Grow in all Grace, chiefly in Holy Love
To God and Man, which fits for Heaven above:

In

In hope whereof rejoyce, and ſo partake
The firſt-fruits of thoſe joys which Heaven do make;
Yea now the Soul that with his God doth dwell,
By Faith and Love, finds Heaven within a Cell.
Then wholly live on God, make him thy all,
With Faith and Patience waiting for Death's call.
Thy Soul thus fixt, nothing can much annoy;
Till God ſhall fix thee in eternal joy.

A PRESERVATIVE AGAINST Temptations to Sin.

REmember when Temptations do begin,
Satan would have, God would not have thee ſin.
Satan and God about thee do contend:
Which do'ſt thou think thy Foe, and which thy Friend?
Thy Fleſh, be ſure, with Satan ſoon will joyn:
Wilt thou with both againſt thy God combine?
O horrid and unheard of Treachery! to cloſe
Againſt our deareſt Friend with Mortal Foes;
Againſt our Friend, who came to give us aid,
Leſt we to thoſe our Foes ſhould be betray'd.

Shall

Shall Satan, by thy help, obtain the day
Whil'ſt God as griev'd and conquer'd, goes away?
Shall Satan be imbrac'd, whilſt God ſhall be
Reſiſted, ſo that he will flie from thee?
What ſhall the Spirit's movings on our Hearts
Be quencht, and not the Devils fiery Darts?
Remember then the beſt and worſt of ſin,
Thy Fleſh and Satan take delight therein;
Both thy ſore Enemies: But then believe
It wounds thy Soul, and doth God's Spirit grieve.
Satan and Sin their Servants do deſtroy,
God to his Servants gives eternal joy.
Wherefore, O Lord, I yield my ſelf to thee,
Let not ſin have dominion over me.
Thy eaſie Yoak I'll wear, when that's laid down;
Let thy Free grace vouchſafe a glorious Crown.

E ON

ON

SOLITUDE.

I.

WElcome ſweet Solitude, who loves not thee,
Loves not himſelf: for only he
Who from the buſie throng is quit,
He to retire into himſelf is free,
He with himſelf may ſit.

II.

Than our Dear ſelf is any thing more Dear?
Shall we then ſeem to hate or fear
What moſt we love? yet ſo do they
Who rather had be rambling here, and there,
Than with themſelves to ſtay.

III.

III.

Some hideous frightful thing there is within,
Even a conſciouſneſs of Sin:
That if alone doth doth them affright;
Which to torment them when it doth begin,
Straightway they take their flight.

IV.

Even from themſelves poor Men they ſtrive to fly;
Thruſt into vicious Company,
There hoping for a little Peace
From Noiſe, from Sport, from Riot, and thereby
Their Torments they increaſe.

V.

Who weary of himſelf, himſelf ſtill flies,
And Vice for a diverſion tries;
Hence greater wearineſs ſhall feel:
The Plaiſter which his folly doth deviſe,
Wounds worſe than did the Steel.

VI.

Thus the Slave loaden with his Guilt and Chain,
From Priſon breaks, but not from pain;
His Irons gall him in the road,
Untill at laſt he's hurried back again
To feel a double Load.

VII.

Thus in the numerous herd, the wounded Hart
Would ſhroud himſelf, but ſtill the Dart
Sticks in his Fleſh, widens his Wound;
He cannot in the Croud ſhake off his ſmart,
Nor ſcape the following Hound.

VIII.

Then welcome, Solitude, abhor'd by none,
But Fools and vicious Men alone;
Whilſt courted by the Wiſe and Good,
Who by Fruition have its bleſſings known,
Its pleaſure's underſtood.

IX.

IX.

Whilſt they hither, from the World remove,
In all that's Good they do improve,
And here where nothing can annoy,
Rendring themſelves worthy of their own love,
Themſelves they do enjoy.

X.

Wearied with Noiſe and Hurry here, we have
The Reſt and Silence of a Grave;
The Mind too freed from ſtir and noiſe,
Begins to feel what pious minds moſt crave,
Foretaſts of Heavenly joyes.

XI.

The Moon from view retir'd, receives moſt light
From Heaven, and Heaven-ward ſhines moſt bright:
But what time we her Full do call,
When ſhe comes forth expos'd to common ſight,
'Tis then Eclipſes fall.

XII.

Here Virtue's fixt, which juſtling Crouds did ſhake;
Here it doth Sanctuary take,
When Luſts and Paſſions it purſue;
Here gathering ſtrength, doth brave reſiſtance make,
And all her Foes ſubdue.

XIII.

The mind exhauſted by the multitude,
Here hath its ſtrength renew'd;
Like Fields oppreſt by conſtant Plough,
It doth when Fallow laid in Solitude,
More Rich and Fertile grow.

XIV.

They who from others ſeem the moſt recluſe,
For others Good moſt Fruit produce;
Who labour under Ground, there find
The Gold which after ſerves for common uſe,
And doth enrich Mankind.

XV.

XV.

Rich Streams of Bleſſings from the Hermits cell
O'reflow the World, which none can tell
From whence they flow, but like ſome Fountain,
Unknown as th' head of *Nile*, he oft doth dwell
In the obſcurer Mountain.

XVI.

The learned tribe whoſe works the World do bleſs,
Finiſh thoſe works in ſome receſs;
Both the Philoſopher and Divine,
And Poets moſt who ſtill make their addreſs
In private to the Nine.

XVII.

Thus on the Banks of *Thames* great *Cowley* choſe
His private *Chertſey* for repoſe;
Cowley whoſe Verſe like thoſe rich ſtreams,
So deep, as clear, in various numbers flows,
And long ſhall laſt as *Thames*.

THE

Sum of our Duty.

LOve God with all thy Heart, and Soul, and Mind;
To Friend and Foe be juſt, be true and kind.
Obey thy Parents, and thy Rulers Laws;
Never rebel, but ſuffer in God's Cauſe.
Be Meek and Patient, Humble, Sober Chaſt,
In theſe good ways be conſtant to the laſt.
And when thou haſt done all, then humbly cry,
An uſeleſs, ſinful Servant, Lord, am I.
My ſtrength and grace is from thy Holy Spirit;
My hope is in thy Mercies, and Chriſt's Merit.
Whilſt here I live, let not thy Spirit leave me;
And when I die, O Bleſſed Lord, Receive me.

Whilſt

Whilſt I was hearing Muſick.

LORD, take my Soul, and tune it to thy will,
It wanteth tuning, but thou want'ſt no skill.
O let thy Grace my mind bring into frame,
So ſhall I love and praiſe thy glorious name.
In thy great goodneſs ſhall my heart rejoyce,
Thy Goodneſs I will praiſe with chearful voice:
Alſo my Life I'll ſtudy ſo to frame,
That all my works may glorifie thy name.
Thus ſhall my Feet, my Tongue and Heart agree,
This harmony thou lov'ſt, this pleaſeth me;
Thus will I ſpend my time on Earth, thus I
Will ſerve thee whilſt I live, and when I die,
I in a nobler ſort thy name will praiſe,
Let Grace raiſe me, ſo I'll thy Glory raiſe.

On a great Thunder and Storm.

THY power, O Great *Jehovah*, I adore,
Whoſe voice in Thunder through the Clouds doth roar;
This voice I'll entertain with awful fear,
With greater aw I will thy threatnings hear;
Thy lightning which doth pierce where 'tis not felt,
It ſpares my Body, but my heart ſhall melt:
Much more thy Spirit ſhall, whoſe flames divine
Conſume our luſts, but do our Souls refine.
Showrs which guſh forth, when the Clouds broken be;
Purge me and th' Air, ſoften the Earth and Me.

Affiictions,

Afflictions, Storms and Showrs of Love and Peace,
This Purity and Softneſs ſhall encreaſe:
Thus Ear, and Eye, and Mind, Reaſon and Senſe,
Each hath its Object, learns its Leſſon thence.
Which way ſo e're I turn my eye or thought,
I ſomething find, whence Piety is taught.
Lord teach me ever duly to improve
The tokens of thy Wiſdom, Pow'r and Love.

CALMNESS IN A STORM:

Made in a Stormy Journey.

IN rough foul Ways, my Mind is ſmooth and clear;
When the Winds roar, then do I loudeſt Sing:
When the Sky low'rs, Smiles in my Looks appear:
Clouds weeping Rain, no Tear from me can wring.
What is it can diſturb that inward Peace,
Which from diſturbances receives increaſe?

This

This Wiſdom, and this Courage, ſometimes I
Can in my little Stormy Journies uſe:
In th'Storms of Life, there's much more reaſon why
The ſame brave Reſolution I ſhould chuſe.
Life is a Journey full of Troubles; theſe,
Wiſdom may turn into Advantages.
Do I grow poor? I'll more enrich my Mind.
Am I defam'd? I'le make my Virtue ſhine
More brightly through thoſe Miſts. Are Friends unkind?
God ſhall be dearer. Doth my Health decline?
My Soul to Heaven ſhall thrive; when Death ſhall give
The mortal Wound, then ſhall I truly live.
Thus the great *Hercules*, from *Juno*'s ſpite
Favours receiv'd, this made his fame encreaſe;
Firſt Toils and Dangers gave him firſt Delight
And Glory; thus the martial Man is Peace;
Not to bare chance, and quiet times, would owe,
But to the Valour which ſubdues his Foe.

O daring conqu'ring Virtue 'tis, we prize,
As this claims Glory as its juſt deſert:
Shelves, Sands, and Tempeſts are the Exerciſe
And Honour of the skilful Pilots Art.
Who boaſts a Virtue that was never tri'd,
Is a ſtout Seaman by a Fire-ſide.
Great Praiſe we to our wiſe Creator owe,
Who tho' he hath not (which he eas'ly could)
Made all things ſweet and ſmooth; to make them ſo,
Gives us the pow'r; all Earth he made not Gold;
But gives th' Elixir which can do as much,
Turning courſe Stones to pure Gold, by its touch.

On the Rain that fell after a long Drought, when I began a Journey.

WHilſt, gracious Lord, thy Creatures all around,
Give thee what praiſe they can, ſhall Man be found
The only ſenſleſs dull and ſilent Thing?
Shall he be mute, whilſt ev'n the Fields do ſing?
Their pleaſedneſs is in their Colour ſeen;
How ſoon the parched Earth looks freſh and green
The thankful Corn its head doth humbly bend,
Flow'rs and Herbs, ſweet Odors heaven-ward ſend.
The chearful Birds, which in all Weathers ſing,
And thereby chide and ſhame Man's murmuring,
Now uſe their utmoſt Art, and ſtrain their Throats,
To warble forth their ſweet melodious Notes.

The

The duller Beaſts hear this, and ſtraightway they,
As dancing to this Muſick, Friſk and Play.
A noble gratitude they teach, whilſt for theſe ſhowrs,
They thankful are, whoſe benefit is ours.
And what, ſhall we, who more receive than they,
And more can render, ſhall not we repay
Thoſe thanks to which the lower Creatures all,
As well as our Creator, do us call?
And both we diſobey, and both we wrong,
If we with all the reſt joyn not our Song.
Since they by us, their Praiſes ſend to Hea'vn;
By us, who know all good Things thence are giv'n
And who with Speech and Reaſon were indu'd;
Firſt to conceive, then ſhew our Gratitude.
Wherefore I do adore that Providence,
Which theſe enriching Showers doth diſpence.
That to the languiſhing and parched Earth,
And dying Grain and Herbs gives life and birth.
The thirſty Fields which could no moiſture get
From Springs or Rivers, are refreſht with wet.

In

In ſuch a way, as would mirac'lous ſeem,
Did not the commonneſs abate eſteem.
What makes the Vapours to aſcend on high,
And there condenſe to Clouds, that fill the Sky?
What makes thoſe hollow Clouds ſtrong to contain
Within their Wombs vaſt Treaſuries of Rain?
And what ſupports them, when thus weighty grown,
To keep them from a ſudden tumbling down?
Juſtly we may applaud, juſtly admire
The Chymiſtry of that Cœleſtial Fire,
Which from ſalt Seas freſh Vapors doth extract;
Like thanks and wonder doth that Art exact,
Which makes the Clouds to hover as they fall,
And breaks, and parcels them in drops ſo ſmall;
Which on the Earth, whilſt gently they diſtil,
Revive thoſe Fruits, which Flouds and Spouts would kill.
Thus, Lord, thy Works thy glory do proclaim;
Both Heav'n and Earth conſpire to praiſe thy Name.

Ev'n every pile of Graſs, and every Show'r
Which makes that Graſs to grow, doth ſhew thy Pow'r.
No leſs they ſhew thy Bounty to us all,
On whom thy Sun doth ſhine, thy Rain doth fall.
How wondrous is that Bounty which renews
Daily thoſe Gifts, which daily we abuſe?
Mercy is thy delight: O, teach us more
To imitate that Mercy we adore.
And whilſt the Earth improves the Sun and Rain,
Let us not ſtill receive thy Gifts in vain.
Let warmth and ſoftneſs in our Hearts be wrought,
And holy Fruits unto perfection brought:
Such Fruits as may our Benefactor pleaſe,
Who ſends theſe Gifts, and greater Gifts than theſe.
He gave his Son, his Son did ſhed his Blood;
By goodneſs, God deſigns to make us good:
And this deſign his Goodneſs doth purſue,
Whilſt he affords the rich and Heavenly Dew,
Of's Word and Grace, to quicken and renew

Our

Our thirſty Souls. O God, thou art all Love;
On this alone we live here, and above.
This doth preſerve that Life, which firſt it gave;
From this the comforts of our Life we have.
This now gives Grace, and Glory hath prepar'd;
By this we Work, from this have our reward.
And ſince this Love, with bleſſings fills our days,
Lord, give us Hearts as full of Love and Praiſe.
Such Hearts as may direct our Hands and Tongues
To pious Actions, and to greateful Songs.
And as each Moment brings from God above
Mercy through which we live, and breathe, and move;
So, Lord, let every pulſe, and every Breath,
And every action praiſe Thee until Death,
Which ſtops that Breath, our Souls ſhall thither raiſe,
Where love's our Life, and all our Work is praiſe.
And, what Crowns all, where Death ſhall not deſtroy
This bleſſed Life of Love, and Praiſe, and Joy.

On a Cross *with a* Crown *upon it, in* Burton, *betwixt* Lancaſhire *and* Kendale.

THIS day in Riding through a Town,
Upon the Croſs I ſaw a Crown;
Which ſtraightway brought unto my mind
What we in Holy Writ do find:
That Chriſt did firſt his Croſs ſuſtain,
Before he was advanc'd to reign;
And this is every Chriſtian's caſe,
Who wins the prize, muſt run the race.
Our ſelves we firſt muſt well behave,
E're modeſtly Rewards we crave;
Bearing the burthen of the day,
E're we receive the evening-pay;
And Conquer in our Chriſtian fight,
Before we have to Triumph right:
And many ſorrows undergo
Before the Joys of Heav'n we know.

Lord,

Lord, to thy Orders I ſubmit,
Confeſſing they are juſt and fit:
Reaſon doth teach us, and thy Word,
The Servant's not above his Lord;
By Patience and Obedience, he
To Glory went, and ſo muſt we:
But ſince thy Grace alone doth ſend
Help in the way, bliſs in the end,
Such meaſures of this Grace impart,
As may both give ſtrength and deſert;
Lord, furniſh me with pow'r and skill,
To do and ſuffer all thy Will;
Make me but willing to obey,
And what commands thou pleaſeſt lay.
Make me but able to abide,
And how thou wilt let me be tri'd.
Lord, help me ſo thy yoke to wear,
Help me my burdens ſo to bear,
That when they ſhall be both laid down,
I may receive a glorious Crown.

On the ſight of Furneſs Fells.

OFT have I ſeen a barren Mountain ſhroud
Its lofty head within a liquid Cloud.
There at its will (thus height ſtill makes things proud)
Quaffing up Vapours, which had elſe been Rain,
Drinking all up, yet ſending nought again,
But ſtill a barren Mountain doth remain;
Whilſt humble Valleys which do lye below,
Waiting till Heav'n its kindly Dews beſtow,
In Corn and Wine, in Milk and Honey flow.
Thus greedy, prou'd, impatient minds that crave
Still more and more, from Heaven or nothing have,
Or yield no Fruit of whatſoe're it gave.
Whilſt humble Souls, by ſilent patience,
Which ſtrongly wooes, ſoon get great bleſſings thence,
And thither ſtill return their recompence.

On the Parting of Ways in a Journey.

I Often as I Travel, find
Divided ways divide my mind;
Perplext I ſtand, and don't well know
Whether I here or there ſhould go:
At length I forward muſt advance,
Guided by gueſſes or by chance;
And when I have ſome paces gone,
I find they both do meet in one.
This gives my mind ſome recompence
For th' former trouble and ſuſpence.
Thus in Religion's nicer ways,
One here, and there another ſtrays,
Each fiercely cries that he's i'th' right;
And both my tender mind affright:
Then to the Sacred Rule I go,
To ſee if this my way doth ſhow;
This humble Souls in great things guides,
But ſubtle trifles ne're decides.

When nothing thence is underſtood,
The footſteps of the wiſe and good,
With care I trace, and on I hold,
Till my maturer thoughts grow bold
To ſlight this trifling difference;
As ſeeming of mean conſequence;
Since in all things of weight they both agree,
And I in them, with both, this quiets me.

An account of my Life in the North.

Bene qui latuit bene vixit.

SInce you, dear friend, wonder how here I live,
This homely Verſe a brief account ſhall give;
I live, if not in pleaſure, yet at eaſe,
Not in loud laughters, but in ſilent peace;
And tho' I rarely meet with merriment,
I more a ſtranger am to diſcontent:
Here's no exceſs, nor are things needful ſcant;
I ſeldom feaſt, but yet I never want.
No dainties here to luxury invite,
Our food ſerves well the ſober appetite,
Which need not be with poignant Sawces dreſt,
Our healthful Hunger of all Sawce is beſt,
Doctors we have none, nor much need them here;
The Doctors we more than Diſeaſes fear:
For Country-folks think they ſell death too dear.

Altho'

Altho' I lie not on a rich Down-Bed,
Yet do ſweet ſleeps refreſh my weary Head.
No Walks or Gardens here, but yet the Field
And fragrant Meadows equal pleaſures yield:
No Lutes or Viols entertain my ear,
But more melodious Birds I daily hear.
Riches I have not, nor do riches need,
Whilſt here at eaſy rates we clothe and feed.
I have no Servants whom I may command,
Nor have I work that needs a Servants hand.
I am not high enough to envied be,
Nor do I one whom I ſhould envy, ſee;
Here's no applauſe to make me proud or vain,
Nor do I meet with cenſures or diſdain:
My people, if they are not wiſe and great,
Are not untractable through ſelf-conceit;
No factious, giddy heads that make a Schiſm
For fear of *Popery* or *Arminianiſm*:
No ſawcy, arrogant controllers, ſuch
That cry, This is too little, this too much:

No

No ſuch vile wretches who their Preacher hate
Cauſe he reproves ſin at too ſmart a rate:
Wherefore I envy not flocks of more wealth,
Which give more trouble whilſt they have leſs health.
If of Companions I have no great ſtore,
With my own mind I may converſe the more;
And from my old Friends tho' I am confin'd,
Letters may keep us in each others mind:
Or if, whilſt buried here, I loſe their love,
I'll fix my mind on ſurer things above.
But need I Friends, need I Companions crave,
Whilſt I as many Friends as Neighbours have?
Or if I want the joy of b oſom Friends,
I 'ſcape the pain which ſtill that joy attends:
For whilſt they live our hearts oft ake with fear;
But break and bleed when of their death we hear.
And if I want the comfort of a Wife,
I have the pleaſures of a ſingle life;
If I no Gallants here, nor Beauties ſee,
From ſlaviſh Love and Courtſhip I am free:

What

What fine things elſe you in the South can name,
Our North can ſhew as good, if not the ſame:
Ev'n as in Winter you have ſhorter Nights,
But Summer us with longer Days requites.
Thus if my want of joy makes life leſs ſweet,
Death then will ſeem leſs bitter when we meet.
But what is this World's Joy? 'Tis Innocence
And Virtue that do trueſt joys diſpence:
If Innocence and Virtue with me dwell,
They'll make a Paradiſe of an Hermits Cell.

On Pſal. 19. 57. *Thou art my Portion, O Lord.*

DIſtemper'd men, whoſe Souls are all on fire
For earthly toys, do heighten their deſire
By what they reach to ; and the more they have;
The leſs content, the more they ſtill do crave :
Wealth, Honours, Pleaſures, all do but enflame
Corrupted Appetites, not fill the ſame.
As Oil, when thrown upon a raging fire
Quenches it not, but makes the flame riſe high'r;
So they in burning Fevers, whilſt they think
To cool their heat, encreaſe it with cold drink.
The beſt of creatures never were deſign'd
By their Creator to content the mind,
But are beſtow'd to lead us unto him ;
We up theſe Streams ſhould to the Fountain ſwim:
Only thoſe bleſſed Souls who place their love
On God himſelf, and on the Joys above ;

That

That ſolid ſatisfaction do attain,
Which others hunt the World for, all in vain.
God is our centre and our place of Reſt;
He fills alone the moſt enlarged breaſt.
He who enjoys him always, of exceſs
Will ne're complain; nor he of emptineſs
Who doth enjoy him fully: Once but taſt
His ſweeteſt goodneſs, and thou ne're wilt waſt
Thy time, or love thy ſerious thought or pains
Of things that merit not the name of gains:
Him thou wilt make thy Portion and thy Lot,
Nor ſpend thy Coin for that which profits not:
In him are heighths and depths of good, to move
And ſatify his peoples boundleſs love.

On

On Pſalm 39. 6, 7.

IN a retired Hermitage I dwell,
Where no diſturbance can approach my Cell;
Where ſcarce with any noiſe my ears are ſtruck,
But th' gentle murmurs of a purling Brook,
Or the ſoft whiſpers of the Winds that move
The trembling Leaves of an adjoyning Grove;
Or the ſweet muſick of the winged Quire,
Unto whoſe mirth and freedom I aſpire.
Here with a calm and eaſie mind I ſit,
From throngs, from bus'neſs, and from paſſions quit:
And hence, as from an higher Region, I
The ways of mortals on this Earth deſcry,
Their toilſom follies, and their fruitleſs pains,
Heavy their toils, alas, but ſmall their gains;
Shadows they follow, dote on painted toys,
Strangers to manly, ſolid, laſting joys.

Here

Here ſee the Earthworm lab'ring in a Mine
For heaps of Clay, which tho' he doth refine,
It's ſtill but glittering Clay; yet the poor ſlave
Here digs, till unawares he finds his Grave;
Where down he lies, but leaves behind his Gold;
(For which his Liberty, his Eaſe, his Soul he ſold)
His Gold he leaves oft to an unknown Heir,
Who wildly waſts the fruits of all his care.
Strange madneſs this, which Miſers hath poſſeſt,
Who ſtarve themſelves to make their Heirs a feaſt.
Here ſee the proud Man hunting after Fame,
And yet by vice and bus'neſs blots his name;
Adores himſelf, and would have all adore,
And therefore is by all deſpis'd the more;
Scorns to ſubmit to any Man, and yet
To his own Paſſions vilely doth ſubmit.
He laviſhes much labour, skill, and time,
Up into ſome high dignity to climb;
On which his vain deſigns, if Fortune ſmile,
Tott'ring and trembling there he ſtands a while;

Till

Till thence by ſome ſlight puſh he headlong fall,
Whither he up by tedious ſteps did crawl.
Unweildy greatneſs, and his dangerous height,
Make him to fall with greater ſhame, more weight.
The Man of pleaſure thinks himſelf more wiſe;
Gilt Earth and pop'lar air he doth deſpiſe;
Delights he craves more fit for fleſh and blood;
Give him his groſſer and more ſavoury mud;
The pleaſures of his Throat and Luſt, wherein
Wallowing, he drowns himſelf and ſenſe of Sin;
And yet his courſe his own deſigns doth thwart,
Rendring the Life he's fond of, dull and ſhort.
The pleaſures that he takes, his health deſtroy.
Health, without which no pleaſures we enjoy:
His pleaſures leave far greater pain behind;
They pleaſe his ſenſes, but torment his mind.
O brutiſh ſenſleſs wretch! who when he might
With Angels taſt of pure and high delight,
Will rather chuſe on pois'nous dirt to dine,
Will chuſe in filth to lodge with Dogs and Swine.

Well, let them take their choice; But how ſhall I
This ſhort ſwift moment ſpend before I dye?
What ſhall I ſeek? What ſhall I wait for here?
Oh! need'ſt thou ask what ſhould to thee be dear,
My Soul? What is it, when this World is gone,
Will then thy portion be? Seek Him alone,
Ev'n the Eternal God, the only reſt
Of Holy Souls, who in his Love are bleſt:
His Love ſhall Honour be, his Grace my Treaſure,
His Service and his Smiles, my higheſt Pleaſure.
May I but feel I love, and know I pleaſe
My God, I'l ask no greater things than theſe
No greater on this Earth. But here I'll wait
That happy hour, wherein he ſhall tranſlate
My weary wandring Soul unto her reſt,
When ſhe of Joys Divine ſhall be poſſeſt;
Joys flowing from the bleſſed God, and make
Bleſſed the Souls who do of them partake:
My hope, my truſt, my love on him I'll place,
Waiting till I in joy behold his face.

On

On Luke II. 14, *&c.*

WHEN Satan from a Sinners heart
Ejected is by Grace,
Reſtleſs through malice, ſtill he ſtrives
To gain his ancient place.
He who doth re-admit this Gueſt,
His ſtate becomes much worſe,
His wickedneſs more hainous is,
Greater ſhall be his Curſe.
Then watch and pray; the very firſt
Motions to ſin ſuppreſs;
Conſtantly uſe the means of Grace,
Promoting Holineſs.
Lord cleanſe our Hearts, and then of us
A firm poſſeſſion take;
Engage us to thy ſelf, that we
May never thee forſake.

Seneca Thyeſtes, Act. 2.

STET quicunq; volet potens
Aulæ culmine lubrico;
Me dulcis ſaturet quies:
Obſcuro poſitus loco
Leni perfruar otio.
Nullis nota Quiritibus
Ætas per tacitum fluat.
Sic cum tranſierint mei
Nullo cum ſtrepitu dies,
Plebeius moriar ſenex.
Mors illi gravis incubat,
Qui notus nimis omnibus.
Ignotus moritur ſibi.

A Plain Paraphraſe.

LET who will climb to heights of Honour, where
What they with labour get, they hold with fear.
On lower ground give me an humble neſt,
In private ſhades with peace and ſafety bleſt;
Here I'll in ſilence paſs my ſliding years,
Strange to great men, ſtrange to their cares and fears.
In this obſcure, quiet receſs ſhall I
An honeſt Country Parſon live and die.
But dreadful terrors do his death attend,
Who all his time in crouds and noiſe doth ſpend,
Knows not himſelf, nor thinks of his laſt end.

A Tranſlation of the firſt Epiſtle of Seneca *to* Lucilius.

HOld on, brave friend, in thoſe good purpoſes
Thy laſt did mention; by ſuch means as theſe
Live to thy ſelf; the time that heretofore
So many ways was loſt, now loſe no more.
Our time, ſome's ſtoln (believe me what I ſay)
Some fairlier ſeems withdrawn, ſome ſlips away.
But of all ways none is a worſe miſpence,
Than loſing it by ſloth and negligence.
View with attentive eyes the moſt of men,
With whom thou doſt converſe, and tell me then,
Is not their life, much of it, looſely ſpent,
Idly yet more, all on impertinent
And trifling things is loſt? Where canſt thou name
A man that prizes time? that ſets the ſame
Value on Hours as Gold, who every day
Perceives he's dying, whilſt days were away?
'Tis a miſtake to think death yet to come
As all at once, which always works, and ſome

Of

Of it's already paſt: for all the breath
We have, expir'd is in the hands of death.
Act as thou ſpeakeſt, then with all thy pow'r
Lay hold on and improve each preſent hour.
So on to morrow needſt thou not depend,
If thou to day haſt wiſdom well to ſpend.
All things without us can't be call'd our own,
But Time is truely ours, and Time alone.
This fleeting ſlipp'ry thing doth nature give,
As riches, to poſſeſs whilſt here we live.
Yet of this precious treaſure eas'ly may
Who ever will, vaſt portions ſteal away
Strange folly this! that things of little coſt
Or worth, things eaſily repair'd when loſt,
Should be ſo priz'd, that men beſtow'd with ſuch
Mean things as theſe, themſelves they reckon much
Obliged to the Doner, but we hear
No thanks for this rare jewel Time; ſo rare,
That Gratitude it ſelf no way can find
Whereby it may this gift repay in kind.

But you may ask how I from day to day
My time do ſpend? whether I my ſelf obey
My ſelf herein? I am, I muſt confeſs,
Like one who joyns care with his laviſhneſs;
Who though's expences do his bounds ſurmount,
Yet of's expences ſtill he keeps account.
I dare not ſay I loſe no time, yet I
So careful am, that I can tell you why,
And how, and what I loſe: ſo the ſame Fate
I'm in with him who to a poor Eſtate
Not through his own fault is reduc'd, to whom
Pardon from all, ſuccour from none doth come.
Thus I can tell how I come poor: but what?
Is that man poor who hath enough? Sure not.
Yet you, my friend, I rather would adviſe
With care to keep your time, betimes be wiſe
To uſe it well, you the old Proverb know,
Thrift comes too late when th' Purſe is grown too low.
And rather haſte, ſince Old-age Time behind
Not only leaſt, but worſt, we uſe to find. *Seneca*

Seneca *Epiſt.* 70.

IF we'll be friends, it ſeems I muſt relate
My each days actions; ſee at what a rate
Of freedom I converſe with thee, and will
Keep nothing from thee, ſo to keep thee ſtill.
I viſit now the Schools, and lately there
Did the Philoſophers diſputing hear.
What at theſe Years? why not? what ſhould I ſcorn
To learn at length, 'cauſe I have long forborn?
I juſtly happy ſhould my ſelf eſteem,
Was this the only act did misbeſeem
My years. This School all ages doth admit;
Let us whilſt young, when old let's viſit it.
I to the Theater am carry'd, age
Is held no plea to keep me from the Stage.
Seldom a bloody fencing-match is made
'Twixt Gladiators, but I ſee it plaid.

Are

Are Sports before Philoſophy prefer'd?
Muſt thoſe be ſeen, and may not this be heard?
Perfection only may diſmiſſion give
From Learning; whilſt thou liv'ſt, learn how to live.
Receive this neceſſary truth from me,
Who'm old my ſelf, old men ſhould learners be.
But Oh the madneſs of our Age! when I
(As in my way, you know, to th' Schools) paſs by
Th' *Italian* Theater, what crowding's there
(So men about the Cryer flock) to hear
The *Græcian* Muſick, here Oh toyiſh pride;
Who tunes his Pipes beſt Auditors decide.
Mean while thoſe places where good men ſhould be,
We only full of empty Seats do ſee.
Yea and their few frequenters moſt deride
As droniſh fools, men lazily imploy'd.
Welcome ſuch jeers, with ſmiles encounter them;
A fools contempt, a wiſe man will contemn.
On, on *Lucilius*, now thy Studies ply,
Leſt growing old, thou Scholar turn, as I

Am

Am glad to do: Now haſten, or undone,
Thy age will leave the work thy youth begun.
Why, why what progreſs ſhould I make? Doſt ask?
What yet haſt done? what thinkſt? Believe't a task
Wiſdom to get; high titles may, I know,
And unſought Honours be conferred; ſo
Men my be wealthy by inheritance;
But where's the man whoſe vertue came by chance?
This, this with pains is got, 'twill coſt no leſs
The man that would in one all goods poſſeſs.
What's honeſt, only's good; thoſe things that pleaſe
The fancies of the vulgar, nor in theſe
Is certainty or truth; I'll tell you why
I think thus: for I did not juſtifie
You ſay, in th' letter that I ſent before,
This my aſſertion, but did praiſe it more
Than prove it; In a word then, each thing's known
Good, by what's firſt and properly its own,
Thus we commend the cluſter-laded Vines,
The induſtrious ſervant, and good taſted Wines.

Why

Why is the Carriers horſe made ſtrong i'th' back?
But 'cauſe he is appointed for the pack.
'Mongſt a variety of dogs, in thoſe
That hunt the Game by th' ſcent, we praiſe the noſe.
Swiftneſs in them that take their prey by flight;
Fierceneſs in thoſe which with wild beaſts do fight.
In every creature what's moſt genuine
And ſelf-peculiar, anſwering the deſign
'Twas made for, that it's beſt is judged; then
Reaſon's the beſt accompliſhment of men.
Reaſon doth man fartheſt from brutes remove,
Exalts him neareſt to the Gods above.
'Tis this alone is man's propriety;
In other things beaſts ſhare as well as he.
Is he indu'd with ſtrength? ſo Lions are.
With beauty? why, the Peacock may compare
With him. Or is he ſwift? ſo is an Horſe.
I need not ſay Man in all theſe is th' worſe.
Excluding accidents, what can he claim
For his? He hath a body; true, the ſame

Have Trees. Or voluntary motion, ſo
Have worms: A voice; but Dogs we know
Have ſhriller mouths: A Bull can louder roar
Than he can hollow: Nightingales have more
Melodious throats. Reaſon is therefore his,
His happineſs depends alone on this.
If Beings have a proper good, and then
Begin to be accounted happy, when
The good they were deſign'd for, they poſſeſs;
Reaſon conſummate, is man's happineſs.
'Tis this we call Virtue or Honeſty,
Synonimous both theſe expreſſions be.
We now enquire not what in general
Is good, but what we may a man's Good call.
Virtue, thou ſay'ſt, is eas'ly underſtood,
That it is *a*, but not the *only* good,
Yet it appears ſo, ſince in all you love
Virtue by't ſelf: in all, Vice diſapprove.
Suppoſe a man bleſt with o'reflowing wealth,
Honours, Retinue, Friends all great, good health;

Yet

Yet can theſe outſide braveneſſes ſcarce fee
You to approve him, if he vicious be.
On th' other hand, imagine one in wants,
Friendleſs, ne're waited on by Supplicants;
Claiming no honour as his birthright, no
Continued line of Anceſtors can ſhow;
Yet his known goodneſs will thy love procure
Maugre thoſe diſadvantages: Then ſure
We muſt allow, that th' only Good of man,
Which in the abſence of all other can
Get that eſteem; nought elſe can, wanting this.
The like in other things apparent is.
A painted fineneſs, Gold or Silver beak,
Rich lading, Ivory Ceilings, do not ſpeak.
Ships therefore good, but a cloſe-jointed Building
Well rigg'd into a firmneſs, neither yielding
To waves or ſtorms; a fitneſs to obey
The Pilots hand that doth direct its way.
The Sword it ſelf we praiſe not for the gilt
Belt that it hangs in; for a Silver Hilt,

Or

Or Scabbard ſet with Pearls; but when it's made
Of well-wrought ſteel, an Armour-piercing Blade.
So in his Rule, the skilful Architect
Doth ſtraightneſs, not fine workmanſhip reſpect.
Each thing claims praiſe for th' innate properties
That ſerve its end, not bare appendices.
It skills not what men have then, how they fill
Their Cheſts with Us'ry, how much Land they till;
How many crouching Honourers they have,
What coſtly Glaſs they drink in, or how brave
Rich Beds they lie on, what fine clothes they wear,
How high they live: No, but how good they are.
And then they're good, when in their actions they,
Reaſon conform'd to Nature's Laws, obey.
This Virtue is, which doth its owners make
Bleſſed; and works as they of this partake,
Goodneſs derive; ſince nought but what doth flow
From this is good, ſure it alone is ſo.
If you will grant all humane goods confin'd
To what's moſt properly the man, his Mind,

Virtue

Virtue alone will be admitted, which
Confirms, enlarges to the nobleſt pitch,
Exalts the ſoul; Whatever elſe incites,
And ſeems to gratifie our appetites,
Enfeebles, and corrupts them in the end:
Such objects whilſt they ſpeciouſly pretend
To heighten our conditions, they but raiſe
An empty ſwelling pride, and ſo debaſe
Our minds, and with the pageantry of Shews,
And pompous Nothings, they our hopes abuſe.
In all our actions reference muſt be had
For guidance of our lives, to Good and Bad.
From thoſe impartially conſulted, we
Learn what perform'd, what muſt omitted be.
Let the reſolv'd good man his duty know,
He will thereto through hardſhips, loſſes, go,
And threatning dangers; but no proffer'd price,
No honour, ſafety, eaſe, can him intice
To what diſhoneſt ſeems; no hopes invite
Him to what's ill; from good no fears affright.

Virtue

Virtue and Vice ſeem only good and ill,
Since a reſpect to theſe ſhould rule our will,
And give us Laws whereby our lives to frame.
An even Virtue which all times the ſame
Tenour retains, is of all goods the beſt,
Becauſe who own it once, are diſpoſſeſt
Thereof by no attempts of force or art:
This Wiſdom ne're to folly can revert.
We meet with frequent inſtances of thoſe,
Whoſe inconſulted raſhneſs doth expoſe
Them to thoſe hardſhips common ſpirits fear,
Who trample on what others hold moſt dear.
Thus have ſome Voluntaries dar'd to hold
Their hands like fire-brands in the flames; whoſe bold
Reſolved laughter not the tort'ring rack
Diſturb'd, but they could ſmile whilſt ſinews crack.
Men of ſuch hardned tempers oft have been,
Whoſe tearleſs eyes their Children dead have ſeen;
Who have encountred Death in fearleſs ſort.
Thus Love, Ambition, Rage dare dangers court.

And ſhould judicious Conſtancy do leſs
Than but a fit of furious ſenſleſneſs?
Nor good nor ill thoſe things are, which the wiſe
Always, and which ſometimes the raſh deſpiſe.
'Tis virtue only hath deſerv'd the Name
Of good, which 'midſt all Fortune's ſtill the ſame,
Walks with a noble and regardleſs ſtate;
Rendred by none dejected, nor elate.
That ought is good beſide what's honeſt, this
Conceit deſtructive of all Vertue is.
Hence men will think they may, and ſtrive to find
Somewhat that's good, not ſeated in the mind.
But this Opinion is falſe, this courſe
Repugnant is to Reaſon, Virtues ſource.
He the good man, you will confeſs, appears,
Who moſt religiouſly the Gods reveres,
Who, what misfortunes ever him befall,
Doth with a chearful patience bear them all;
As ord'red by an higher Providence
Which to each one his portion doth diſpence.

Then with an argument this ſtrengthens us,
Since pious Honeſty doth dictate thus,
To be ſubmiſſive to the Gods, and not
Fret at miſchances, nor bewail our lot,
Nor quarrel at their Orders, but reſign
Our ſelves to them, and do what they enjoyn.
If any thing but Honeſty may go
For good, what inward vexings hence will flow?
An anxious wiſh a long life to attain,
Follow'd with carking reſtleſneſs to gain
Life's Utenſils, which is an endleſs care,
Roving, and vain, which no wiſe man can bear.
But Honeſty, that certain good is found,
Which our affections, and purſuits can bound.
If pomp, wealth, pleaſures, make us happy, then
We may the Gods leſs happy judge than men.
If Souls exiſt from bodies ſeparate,
We juſtly hope a more exalted ſtate,
Than what they now arrive at whilſt immerſt
In duller matter: but it will be worſt,

If theſe enjoyments which ſhe doth partake
By th' bodies mediation, for its ſake
Are real goods; but how abſur'd is this
To think the Souls releaſe can worſt its bliſs?
Shall the wide World-expatiating free mind
Fall ſhort of what it was when earth-confin'd?
If ought external's good we muſt confeſs,
Beaſts ſhare herein, and ſo in bleſſedneſs.
But Honeſty the only good we call,
For which wiſe men dare do and ſuffer all.
But raiſe thy thoughts a while, and then if clear
This notion doth not to thy ſelf appear,
I'll make thy ſelf the judge: Imagine then
Thy death might hugely ſerve thy Country-men;
Would'ſt thou not it with patience (now confeſs)
Suffer, yea, and embrac't with willingneſs.
See what a price on Honeſty you ſet,
Whilſt ev'n for it, you all things elſe forget.
You for the common good dare dye, altho'
You dye as ſoon as of your death you know.

Elſe

Elſe in a ſmall time intervening, they
Who nobly dye, rewarding pleaſures may
Conceive: Tho' ſlaughter'd Heroes in their Grave,
Of Earths affairs no farther knowledge have;
Tho' their brave actions here perform'd, create
No ſatisfaction in a future ſtate;
Yet whilſt they in premeditation view
The fair advantages which will enſue
Their deaths (which like themſelves had noble ends)
Their Countries good, or ſafety of their Friends,
They ſuffer not, but rather death enjoy,
Whilſt in a pleaſing extaſy they dye.
But yet e'en they whoſe more ſurprizing fate
Deprives them of the laſt great pleaſure, that
Their forethoughts might afford, without delay
Dare fearleſs meet their haſty death, whilſt they
All other intereſts wave, content alone
A well-deſerving action to have done.
Offer diſſwaſives to their enterprize,
Tell them their more deſerving memories

Will not ſurvive them long, their Country too
Unkind, will undervalue what they do.
To all they'll anſwer, Theſe are by-reſpects;
This work not for ſelf-relative effects,
But for its Honeſty, we undertake,
Which nothing can perſwade us to forſake.
This is th' apparent good which not alone
The perfect, but all generous minds do own.
All other things men ſtudy to attain,
Are poor enjoyments, mutable and vain;
Empty of ought but trouble: For they are
Got and poſſeſt with equal anxious care.
And tho' indulgent fortune may amaſs
And heap them on her favourites, alaſs!
They are but burthens which the bearers preſs,
Sometimes o'rewhelm them with their weightineſs.
The Purpled Nobles, Silken Gallants, thoſe
Men gaze at ſo, if ſearch'd into, diſcloſe
Themſelves but owners of an happineſs
The Stage-play Actor borrows from his dreſs:

Which

Which richly glorious, with a ſtately port
Like the great one he perſonates, extort
To's aſſumed ſelf ſome few hours reverence from
Wanton ſpectators, who returning home,
Are ſoon of thoſe opinions diſpoſſeſt,
He into's former meanneſs is undreſt.
They are not great whom raiſed we behold
To Honours heights, or Mountain tops of Gold:
Their advantageous ſtanding puts a cheat
On common eyes, which miſconceive them great,
And fail to take their altitude aright,
Meaſuring the Ground they ſtand on for their
height.
A Dwarf's a Dwarf, tho' plac'd upon an Hill;
A Giant in a Vail's a Giant ſtill.
But we for th' man miſtake his ornaments,
For what's his own but borrow'd accidents;
Diveſt him of his Riches, Honours, thoſe
Bounties of flatt'ring Fortune, which impoſe

On ignorant admirers, whoſe ſhort view
Reacheth but outſides; wave his Body too:
Then make a judgment of him whether he
Great from himſelf, or from externals be.
Can he with lively looks, heart undiſtreſt
Behold the glitt'ring Blade ſet to his breaſt,
As careleſs whether's Soul by's mouth, or by
His wider wound forth from his body fly?
Can he with an unmoved patience bear
The great'ſt misfortunes? And when he ſhall hear
Threatnings of Tortures, Priſon, Baniſhment,
Or all that witty Tyrannies invent,
As their own pleaſures, and the Coward's fears,
Can boldly ſay, No danger now appears
To me? I long ſince have forethought them all;
Learn'd to prepare for whatſoe're may fall?
Preexpectation doth alleviate ill,
Which blinder confidents of fortune will
As not foreſeen, and ſudden, ſtrange eſteem,
And this ſurpriſal makes it greater ſeem:

For

For what intolerable did appear
At the firſt ſight, by uſe men learn to bear.
What ſufferings, Fools, that Providence the Wiſe
Doth teach, who thereby doth familiarize
Ills to himſelf: whilſt daunted thoſe cry, We
Thought not ſuch fortunes did await us, he
Did to the worſt himſelf obnoxious know;
Come what will come, he knew it might be ſo.

A Pa-

A Paraphraſe on the 22*d Ode of* Horace.

Integer vitæ, &c.

THE upright man whoſe heart and life is pure
From guile and vice, needs neither Sword
nor Spear,
His Virtue ever makes him ſo ſecure,
He needs no Bow; nor pois'ned Arrows wear;
Cowards, or wrathful men, themſelves thus arm,
The good man neither does, nor fears he harm.
He that has tam'd the Tyger in his Breaſt,
Wild Luſts and Paſſions, ſafe may take his road
Through Woods and Deſerts, never fearing Beaſt,
All will adore him, as a pretty-God,
All will approach him with deep reverence,
Paying the homage due to innocence.

As

As I the other day did careleſs rove,
Having no weapon but a well-ſtring'd Lute,
I ſpy'd an huge fierce Wolf within the Grove,
Who by my muſick charm'd, did there ſtand mute,
And wondring ſeem'd to liſten, whilſt my Verſe
Did th' praiſes of eternal love rehearſe.
Strange fire of heav'nly love which reconciles
The Savage Beaſts, and angry Elements,
Turns rage and fury into friendly ſmiles,
And miſchief either conquers or prevents;
To him who doth the great Creator love,
The World of creatures all will harmleſs prove.
This Armour's ſtrong, tho' light: a Coat of Mail
Not to be pierc'd by Bullet or by Steel;
It gives a ſtrength o're which nought can prevail;
May I its force within my breaſt but feel,

Fearleſs

Fearleſs I'll follow whither Fate ſhall call;
Smiling I'll bear whatever ſhall befall.
Place me on Northern Hills of frozen Snow,
On which the Pole-ſtar doth directly ſtand,
There will I give the love and praiſe I owe
To him whoſe love makes that a pleaſant Land.
'Gainſt froſts and Snows Love is the only charm,
Theſe flames melt Snows, theſe flames my breaſt ſhall warm.
Or throw me on the parched *Lybian* Sands,
Where flaming Sun-beams do the Trav'ler burn;
Love all Divine, thoſe ſcorching heats withſtands,
God's Love will Deſerts to a Garden turn;
His Smiles, his Words are Fountains, Shades and Breeze;
Each place is Paradiſe, when I have theſe.

No Winter froſts this holy Love ſhall chill,
No proſp'rous Summer's heat ſhall it abate;
But higher it ſhall flame, and higher ſtill,
Till it to Heav'n my Soul in Flames tranſlate:
God's Love is all I crave in Heaven above:
On Earth below, I only crave God's Love.

Lib. 1. *Martial Epigram* 6^tum.

AN Eagle once a Child aloft did bear,
The Child ſecure, the Eagle moſt in fear.
Thus *Cæſars* Lions ſport them with their Prey,
The Hare in their wide Mouth doth ſafely play.
Which then the greater Wonder ſhall be thought?
A mighty Power each to paſs hath brought,
Jove did the firſt, the latter *Cæſar* wrought.

For

For M. M. *upon her Recovery, when at* Antwerp.

OH, praiſe the Lord, my Soul, humbly adore
The riches of his Grace, which more and more
To me his Handmaid hath been ſtill expreſt;
Let Love and Praiſe be equally encreaſt.
'Twas God, who firſt did Life and Reaſon give;
By him I am preſerv'd, in him I live:
His Mercy, and his Pow'r did lately ſave
My Soul from Death, my Body from the Grave.
'Tis juſt, I to my God ſhould wholly live,
Who hath renew'd the Life he firſt did give.
Thou that didſt make me put my mind in frame;
Make me thy Servant, who thy Creature am.

As thou haſt lately made my Body whole,
So do much more for my more precious Soul.
What thou haſt wrought without, now work within;
My pain is gone, Lord cleanſe me from my Sin:
Thy healthful Spirit upon me beſtow,
That I in Grace may daily ſtronger grow.
So ſtrengthen me, that I may walk in ways
Of Holineſs and Peace through all my daies,
Till thou ſhalt take me hence to live above,
In endleſs Joys with thee, the God of Love.

Written

Written on Dr. Patrick's *Devout Chriſtian, given to a Friend.*

IN Prayer, the Tongue hath but the leſſer part;
Devotion's chiefly ſeated in the Heart:
This with our Lips we humbly muſt expreſs,
And in our Lives by ſerious Holineſs.
They who on Earth, with Heart, Lips, Life, adore
Their God in Heav'n ſhall praiſe him evermore:
Whilſt then our Pray'rs begin, and end the Day,
Let's daily live as ſtrictly as we pray.

An Epitaph deſign'd for that moſt excellently accompliſht and Publick-ſpirited Gentleman William Banks *Eſq; of* Winſtanly *in* Lancaſhire; *who died at* Chaſtleton *in* Oxfordſhire.

UNDER this Monument the Reliques lie
Of a Great Man, all that of him could die;
Who whilſt he liv'd, liv'd to the nobleſt ends.
To ſerve his God, his Country, and his Friends.
Wherefore his God, his Friends, his Country give
Freedom from Death, and make him ſtill to live:
His Soul with God in Regions lives above,
In Regions like his Soul, all Peace and Love:
With deareſt Friends his precious Memory
Lives freſh and fragrant; nor with them ſhall die.

Hi

His grateful Country doth preſerve his Name,
Juſt Praiſes, and true Tears, Emblam the ſame.
His lovely Picture ſtill hath Life and Breath,
In hopeful Children; ſo ſmall Power hath Death
Over good Men, who when they ſeem to yield,
Then, like their dying Lord, they win the Field;
Only the Grave in Peace retains their Duſt,
Until the Reſurrection of the Juſt.

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit;
Nulli flebilior quam mihi.

On A. M. *a tender Infant.*

HERE Sweetneſs lies, and Innocence, whoſe Breath
Was ſtopt by early, not unfriendly Death:
She's gone to reſt, juſt as ſhe did begin
Sorrow to know, before ſhe knew to ſin:
Death that doth Sin and Sorrow thus prevent,
Is the next Bleſſing to a Life well ſpent.

ON

ON

Biſhop WILKINS's *Picture.*

THIS is his Shadow, who was once the Glory
And Pillar of our *Britiſh* Church; whoſe Story
Ages to come ſhall wondring read, this Age
Shall mourn his death, tremble at its preſage:
He was all that which makes men great and good;
But's loſs will make his worth beſt underſtood.
His juſt Deſcription I no more can give,
Than th' Painter can make this his Picture live;
His truer Picture lives within my mind,
And in the pious Works he left behind;
In both, my ſorrows ſome relief ſhall find:
Till his great Soul 'ere long I meet above,
Amongſt bleſt Spirits in Heav'nly Joy and Love.

True

True Beauty.

LET blind Admirers, handſom Faces praiſe,
And graceful Features to great Honour raiſe;
The Glories of the red and white expreſs;
I know no beauty but in Holineſs:
If God of beauty be the uncreate
Perfect Idea, in this lower State
The greateſt beauties of an human mold,
Who moſt reſemble Him, we juſtly hold;
Whom we reſemble, not in fleſh and blood,
But being pure and holy, juſt and good.
May ſuch a Beauty fall but to my ſhare,
For curious Shape, or Face, I ne're ſhall care.

On my Picture.

SEE here the Shadow of another Shade,
Which, like its Picture, ſoon away will fade;
To Worms and Moths a Portion ſoon will fall,
Both ſhort-liv'd Copy and Original.
And yet rejoice, my Friends, ſince th' unſeen mind
Lives when dead Shades and Corps are left behind;
And ſhall we be concern'd what will become
Of fading Faces, rotten Bones and Tomb,
Whilſt th' unſeen Mind, whoſe form no art can draw,
Exempted is from Death's ſeverer Law?
Virtue doth Life and laſting Beauty give;
Virtue and virtuous minds for ever live;
With God they live in joys together, where,
Of loſing God, Joys, Friends, is no more fear.
Rejoice then Friends, this Glory make your choice,
Always do good, always in God rejoice.

FINIS.

Books Written by Mr. John Rawlet, B. D. *and ſold by* Edmund Parker *at the* Bible *and* Crown *in* Lombard-Street.

THE Chriſtian Monitor, containing an earneſt Exhortation to an Holy Life, with ſome Directions in order thereto; written in a plain and eaſie Stile, for all ſorts of People.

An Explication of the Creed, the Ten Commandments, and the Lords Prayer, with the addition of ſome Forms of Prayer.

A Treatiſe of Sacramental Covenanting with Chriſt, ſhewing the Ungodly their Contempt of Chriſt, in their Contempt of the *Sacramental Covenant: With a Preface chiefly deſigned for the Satisfaction of* Diſſenters, *and to exhort all Men to Peace and Unity.*

A Dialogue betwixt two Proteſtants, (in anſwer to a Popiſh Catechiſe called, *a ſhort Catechiſm againſt all Sectaries*) plainly ſhewing, That the Members of the Church of *England* are no Sectaries, but true Catholicks, and that our Church is a ſound part of Chriſt's Holy Catholick Church, in whoſe Communion therefore the People of this Nation are moſt ſtrictly bound in Conſcience to remain.

Poetick Miſcellanies.